# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

*PUZZLE COLUMN TO-DAY — TWO MONTHLY PRIZES.*

**Answers to Each Department Published the Sunday Following Its Appearance.**

**The Junior Society Column.**

### The Little Hermit.

I'm a little hermit child,
Round behind the apple tree;
Hidden by the tansy stalks,
Where I am no one can see.
*Do* you think Mamma could know
When she did not see me go?

On the ground a beetle crawls,
Here's a web all white with dew;
Through the tansy leaves the sun
Bit by bit comes creeping through.
How surprised Mamma would be
If she knew the things I see.

I will play this is my bower
Where I like a hermit dwell;
If Mamma should search for me
Neither bird nor bee will tell.
And I think she never walks
Over by these tansy stalks.

She will think me in the fields,
Maybe wandering by the brook;
She may walk for miles and miles
If she once sets forth to look.
But if she should pass the wall
I will laugh aloud and call.

It is rather lonely here,
No one seems to care or know
If I stay here all day long,
If I let my dinner go.
I should think Mamma would be
Searching everywhere for me.

Hark! What's that? Mamma, that calls?
"Kitty, 'neath the apple tree,
In behind the tansy stalks!
Kitty, come straight home to me!"
Oh, Mamma! how could you tell,
When I hid myself so well?

—The Independent.

### Chums.

"Say!" called out Teddy Granger, politely. "You over there, say!"

He had been told more times than he had black hairs, and he had many, that he must not begin a conversation with "Say," but Teddy forgot. Moreover, he had caught that bad habit from Grandfather Granger himself; and a habit is, I need not say, harder to get rid of than stick-tights or burrs or briers.

The boy swinging on the gate across the road stared at Teddy, and made no reply. But Teddy was persevering, and he had made up his mind to be sociable.

"Say!" he continued, "come over here, and I'll show you our new kittens. Old Snuffy has four."

The boy across the road wriggled down from his perch, and ran up the drive into the house. Teddy was getting red in the face with anger when a moment later the boy reappeared with a stout old gentleman, who put an eyeglass, and took a sharp look at Teddy before he trotted briskly down the street.

"I had to ask grandpapa if I might, you know," explained the boy. "It's good of you to ask me to come. I've been lonesome, I can tell you, since we came to America."

Teddy looked at his new friend curiously as they walked down the box-bordered walk to the barn, where, snug in a soap box, Old Snuffy and her family were snoozing. Teddy wondered a little that a boy who had been born in England could look so nearly like an American. He wore, to be sure, short white socks that left a good deal of his legs bare, and his jacket was quite different from the handiwork of Mr. Scrann, who went twice a year to New York after "the latest fashions for boys and youths"; but these were minor matters.

"I think any one would be lonesome," went on the stranger. "We came from Exeter, you know. Grandpapa has been investing money in the States this long while. He has a son over here; and now that my mamma is dead, he wants to be near Uncle Tom. I ought to tell you that my name is not the same as grandpapa's, I am John Rudd."

"Oh!" said Teddy, with interest.

"Yes," nodded John. "I am named after my grandpapa Rudd, John Henry. Grandpapa Harding is my dead mamma's papa, and my Aunt Madge is mamma's sister."

"I live with my grandfather and my aunt, too," cried Teddy, slipping his hand through his visitor's arm. "I am glad some one has come along who lives with his grandfather and his aunt, just like me. My grandfather Granger is named George Washington. I wish I was. But they call me Theodore, after my grandfather Pomerly."

John Rudd's lonely little heart warmed. "I say," said he, nudging his elbow into Teddy, "let's be chums. Stick-tight-forever chrums."

"All right! Let's,' agreed Teddy.

"I know about George Washington," went on John when they had squatted besides old Snuffy's soap box, and he had taken up a very spotted kitten, a proceeding which Snuffy watched with anxious yellow eyes; "it was George Washington who discovered America."

"My! That was Columbus!" cried Teddy, almost resentfully, "George Washington licked your old King George. That's what he did. He was the first President."

As for John, he decidedly resented being set right. It did not seem to him of very much consequence who discovered America or who was the first President. He said nothing, however, contenting himself with a curious roll of his blue eyes.

Teddy had been taught the most tender consideration for company. He was, too, very hospitable, and had a good memory for his own mistakes. He remembered suddenly that on last Sunday he had said the name of the first Christian Martyr was "Step-hen," and that Isaac had built the ark.

"You see, every boy over here knows that as soon as he knows anything," he said conciliatingly, after meeting that flash from John's eyes. It's like learning where you live, or that first catechism."

John's hair was not red for nothing. If he was quickly vexed, he was as quickly over it. "I know," he said. "It's just as we learn about the queen.'

Teddy was indifferent to every crowned head in existence. He stroked Old Snuffy's back, and said he hoped it would not rain on the Fourth. "I wouldn't give a quarter of a cent for a rainy Fourth," he continued. "Aunt Dinah always wants me to put off firing my crackers if it rains; and they never sound so good next day."

"The Fourth?" echoed John, blankly. "The Fourth what?"

"Why, the Fourth. The Fourth day of July."

"What happens then?"

Teddy gaped with astonishment. The fact that a far away great-great-grandfather had written his name upon that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, and that his four great-grandfathers had been in the patriot army, had been held before him all his short life as a reason why he himself should strive to be a good and brave boy. It was lucky that Grandfather Granger came that very moment through the garden gate. He always went Thursday morning precisely at 9 o'clock to the post-office for the Jefferson county Recorder. Teddy ran out to meet him.

"Grandfather," he whispered with staccato emphasis, "the boy from across the road is in the barn. He doesn't know about the Fourth. He never had one."

"Mebbe some o' his folks did along back in 1776," said Grandfather Granger, with a grim smile. "You'd better be careful. He's a Britisher."

"Yes, a little one," admitted Teddy. "But he's going to live here always, so he'll have to turn American."

"I'll ask his grandfather, and your Aunt Dinah can ask his aunt, and you can ask him, to spend the Fourth with us," said grandfather, after an instant's reflection.

"And can I have lots of crackers?"

"Yes; a reasonable lot. But it won't be proper to bang too many when your company is Britishers," argued the grandfather.

It was current in Chester that Teddy Granger was a spoiled boy. He had never been to school for one thing, though he was seven, and, as he said, "going on eight." Then Grandfather Granger talked with him about all sorts of matters, including "the state of the nation." He was an only grandchild. His aunt was so devoted to him she had refused to marry the Rev. Dr. Griddleby who went to Africa as a missionary. At least, people said that was the reason. Then Teddy had never been whipped in his life. The average Chester little boy was whipped a good deal.

The Fourth day of July dawned cloudless. The last half of the night had been made hideous by certain boys and men who thought it fun to blow horns, rasp horse fiddles, and fire tiny cannon under tired people's windows. Most grow-up people came to breakfast cross and sleepy. Even Grandfather Granger, who was at heart very patriotic, admitted to his daughter that he felt "sprung." But after he had his coffee, and had gathered pinks, polyanthuses, balm, roses, honeysuckles and syringas for ten "bo-pots," he told Teddy that take it all in all, "as old Fry did the fish," "the Fourth is ahead of any day in creation."

The invited guests arrived at precisely five minutes of one, the dinner-hour, and just five minutes later they left the slippery depths of the parlor chairs, and were seated in the wide, old-fashioned dining-room, over whose walls ran wreaths of roses of every color not excepting green, and into whose windows looked real roses, making the whole place deliciously sweet.

The two grandfathers and the two aunts speedily became cosey and talkative; and by the time the strawberry short-cake was brought in they were visiting like old friends instead of new acquaintances between whom the Atantic ocean had rolled only a month before. Teddy and John went out by the currant bushes after dinner to fire off crackers, arm in arm like two brothers or two loving cousins.

"You see it was your King George who began it," explained Teddy, when two packages of crackers had been consumed, and they had seated themselves on the bench on which stood the leach barrel. "He made us pay taxes—and—and—there was something mean about tea." Teddy wished his memory was better just at this point. "Folks wouldn't stand it, and they flung all the tea out of the ships into Boston Harbor," he concluded after an instant.

"I never heard of it," said John, who was unrolling a spent cracker. "Anyhow, a king has a right to do just as he pleases."

"No, he hasn't!" contradicted Teddy impatiently. "No, sir-ee! We fit, and bled, and died in the Revolution, 'cause kings haven't any right to be mean to folks. Grandfather has told me all about it. That's why your King George got walloped, and our George Washington was made President."

"We have a Queen in England," said John pridefully. He had some powder in his left eye, and had eaten too many of the half-ripened currants. He felt both cross and hectoring.

"We don't want any queen," retorted Teddy, kicking viciously at a pig-weed that had escaped Pat Scully's hoe. He, too, had eaten too many unripe currants. "We'd rather have a President than anything. And it's nicer to be President than anything."

John crowded his chubby hands into the pockets of his blue breeches.

"Huh!" he sniffed. "Anybody can be President. My grandpa says so. But a Queen is born—a queen."

Teddy's black eyes snapped. His black hair seemed to stand up straight. His cheeks grew as red as his brown skin permitted. He forgot that John was not only his guest, but a stranger in a strange land. He turned upon him, putting out his chin, trying to be provoking.

"Huh! Your grandpapa," he imitated John's accent, "don't know anything. He never could be President, nor could you. A man must be born in this country for that and people must like him to vote for him. Kings and queens get their heads cut off sometimes, folks hate them so. But no President ever had his head cut off—so now!"

The fair skin under John's freckles turned scarlet. He seemed to swell up. "England's nicer'n America, anyhow!" he asserted.

"'Tain't!" cried Teddy, defiantly.

In an instant Johns palm had struck Teddy full in the nose, and in less time tha it can be told, the two were rolling over and over under the currant bushes and around the leach bench. The two grandfathers sitting on the back veranda heard before they saw what was going on.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Grandfather Harding, when he had his glass to his eye. "Bless my soul! Those two young beggars are fighting!" Grandfather Granger was in a minute, so to speak, at the "seat of war." But he was just too late to save the leach-barrel, which toppled over upon them with a little groan; almost blinding them with ashes

"It beats the Dutch!" said Grandfather Granger, when he had impartially shaken each one, and finding the leach bench unimpaired, had set it up, and seated himself upon it, a boy on each knee. "It beats the Dutch! Two boys quarreling and fighting and giving each other the nosebleed on Independence Day." And he looked hard at Teddy.

"He says England's nicer'n America," snorted that young man, glaring at John, who glared defiantly back.

"I'm ashamed of you," said grandfather, in a voice Teddy had never heard before, and addressing himself entirely to him. "I'm awful ashamed of you. You've been a-fighting company!"

Teddy paled with distress. To feel sorry and ashamed is quite another matter from admitting one is sorry and ashamed. It seemed to him he could never speak to John, much less ask his pardon.

But as has been said, John's hair was not red for notning. His face turned fiery red. He wiped his bloody nose vindictively, then he turned about so he could look full in Grandfather Granger's face.

"And, sir, I was company, and I begun it," he said. "I struck him first, and I am the heaviest, and most eight. I'm sorry and ashamed. I'll go home, sir, if you say so!"

Teddy's heart bounded. He admired John as he had never admired a boy before. He flung his arms about his neck.

"I like you better'n ever," he said; and he kissed him.

After rockets had hissed far up the sky, and Roman candles had popped into twinkling, parti-colored stars, and wheels had revolved, and the great star with the word "Liberty" in the middle had been set off by Grandfather Granger, Teddy and John parted lingeringly.

"Who whipped?" asked Grandfather Harding, when he and John were at home; and why did you and Teddy join your little fingers and say 'leather' at parting?"

"Neither one of us whipped," said John. "I don't believe either of us could; and when we joined little fingers, it was because we had agreed to be chums, and the Chester boys, when they agree to anything, say 'Leather.'"

"Well—and what does that mean?"

"The bargain's made forever."—Elizabeth Cumings, in Advance.

### *VERBHEARD AT NOON ON THE LAWN.*

**A Clever Composition Received from a Boy Reader**

"Say," said the Lawn-Mower to the Lawn-Roller; "I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me a roll, won't you?"

"Can't do it," said the Roller. "They're too heavy to eat. The Rake tried to eat one the other day and broke two of his teeth off short; why don't you ask the Sickle for a pear?"

"I'd rather go to the axe. I don't want any fruit."

"What can the Axe give you?"

"A chop, of course."

"That's so—didn't think of that. If he fails you, you might go down to the garden and get a stake. By the way, what's the matter between you and the Weeds? They tell me you cut them whenever you pass?"

"I do; I don't like the Weeds. They thrust themselves into a lawn party I was at last summer and spoiled the whole thing. Did you get off to the mountains this summer?"

"No, I went down to the sea-shore to see my relatives."

"Relatives? I didn't know you had any down there."

"Oh, yes; the Rollers are famous all aong the Jersey coast. You get away?"

"No; I've been here attending to business. I didn't feel that I could afford to go off this summer. I've been pretty poor, and I had to do a good deal of cutting down to pull through the hard times, as it was. I heard that Hose was going to be married."

"Yes; he met one of the Faucets at a watering-place up here, and they got much attached to each other. It's a good match."

"I think so myself; but for lighting a cigar I think I'd rather have a parlor match."

"Ha, ha! How cutting you are!"

"Yes—that's my business."

And then as the hired men had finished their luncheon, the Roller and Mower had to return to work. Yours resp.,

JOHN A. BANNAN.

### *PRIZE PUZZLE COLUMN.*

**Two Prizes to be Given Each Month.**

These puzzles will appear each week, and answers to each department will be published on the Sunday succeeding its appearance. All answers to puzzles must be received not later than Thursday morning of each week; must be distinctly numbered and signed; no anonymous solutions will receive any attention

On the first Sunday in each month, the names of the two leaders in the contest will appear at the head of the column, and there will be a first and a second prize.

#### 1—TRANSPOSITION.

King Conakin's army is up to the mark;
You should see the parade in Spatterdash Park,
That beautiful one, where from daylight till dark,
Spectators will swelter and smother.

The soldiers are gorgeous; such plumes are displayed,
Such dozens of buttons and furlongs of braid,—
No chief of Two Island was better arrayed,—
And each shakes his rifle, or flashes his blade,
To dazzle his sweetheart and mother.

There are fifty of horses, there are fifty of foot,
And fifty that serve as whichever may suit;
Their three must be singular, none can dispute,
And the two sets of clothes sometimes bother.

When the head four of uniform chanced to be out,
His junior assistant, a thick-headed lout,
Becoming "five mixed," turning both suits about,
To the applicant cried in a frenzy of doubt,
"Which one of these two is the other?"

M. C. S.

#### 2—PARADOX.

The key to this Pandora's box
To the inquisitive unlocks
A contradictory paradox!

The single word that's here confined
Most inconsistently's defined.
When its two meanings are aligned.

"With strong attachment to adhere,"
And then the opposite—most queer—
"To part by force," from friends so dear!

SPHINX.

#### 3—NUMERICAL OF NAMES.

**64-42-26-59-32 is a poetical name for Edinburgh.**

1-25-52 44-4-13-26-51-26-58-27 is a popular name for Virginia.

62-46-50-28-26-17 was the original name of Nova Scotia.

17-2-13-32-41-8-26-11 is the name of a mythical island in the west, mentioned by Plato and other ancient writers, and supposed to have been sunk beneath the ocean.

46-15-22-14-9-20 56-63-17-53-60 is a name sometimes given to Louisiana.

10-13-34-23-50-61-42 26-12-9-45 is a name sometimes given to Ireland.

6-36-42-3-50-13 is a popular name for the city of New York.

7-60-15-19-48 25-50-16-26-35-5-49-43-38 is a name given by seamen to a region of calms in the Atlantic Ocean, about the parallel of 30-35 degree West.

18-32-51-49 57-31 24-61-5-61-32-3 is an imaginary land of rest and quiet described in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

21-26-59 42-55-18-39-22-40-19-17 is a name given, since the Christian era, to the road of Jerusalem leading from the Mount of Olives to Golgotha over which Christ passed to be crucified.

44-54-29-5-41-3-45-26-13 is the abode of the frost giants in Scandinavian mythology.

37-25-42 27-54-15-33-3-11-47-50-33-22 is a popular designation of North Carolina.

Whole, of sixty-four letters is a couplet from Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

#### 4—ANAGRAM.

The prelate spoke with force and brevity:
"'Tis proven that on Michaelmas
You uttered unbecoming levity
Concerning good St. Nicholas,"
The culprit asked: "Was that a grievous thing?
I but rehearsed a saying of the king."

"Your fault in no wise it abateth,
Royal immunity to claim;
As one of our church fathers stateth,—
I cannot now recall his name,—
"Great men 'MAY JEST" with saints;
'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation, 'Hem!'"

"Those words were Shakspeare's that you quoted,"
Said the accused, with twinkling eye,
But wished the error still unnoted,
When he received the stern reply:
"A double penance certainly you need;
You know your Shakspeare, and you did not heed."

#### 5—CHARADE.

If you are second great wealth to command,
There a complete power you hold in your hand;
Your ease you can talk, your mind need not work,
Your brain and muscles all labor may shirk.
But for your listening ear I will one
That Mammon's a tyrant, who casts upon
Her whispering victims much care and strife,
For gold cannot make a contented life.

MAZY MASKER.

#### 6—ANAGRAM GAME.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | S | E | A | M |
| | | | | |
| P | R | I | N | T |

Each letter may be moved from one square to the next, like the king in chess, no letter having more than two moves. The puzzle is to move all the letters into the central line of squares in such a way as to form a word, which in this case is the name of a common plant, yielding an aromatic oil.

CRIPPLED JOE.

#### 8—DECAPITATION.

One for happiness the human heart pines and sighs;
From the chill of death or sorrow's smart seeks to rise
To those heights of joy ne'er gained by art, 'neath the skies.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself," O Lord, and unrest
Shall be ours two with Thee we accord,
In Thee blest.
Three no longer, then, has watch and ward in our breast.

With three-five-seven pounds in gold,
To compensate, you see,
The cruel wrong her parents did
In calling her for me!

MABEL P.

#### 7—ENIGMA OF NUMBERS.

Dear, funny aunt Jane is dead;
We all grieve her decease,
But most her namesake, sister Ann,
Who was her favorite niece.
We wondered, when her will was read;
One pound she left my mother,
But two to Ann—what did she mean?
Three pounds was for my brother,
And four each for some needy folk
Hard driven for clothes and food.
Five pounds, we read, were set apart,
To pay what debts she twoed;
And six was left for the old lame man
Who used to saw her wood.
And, lastly, so the will declared,
Seven pounds to my name stood.
But while we stared, a sharp eye found
This total hid away;
"To Niece Jerusha Ann Jones
I sign my home this day.

BITTER SWEET.

Answers will be published next week.

### Junior Society Column.

Should any of you go to the Exposition, as, of course, hundreds will, don't fail to call and have a chat and a sandwich with Mrs. Gill, of the Male Orphan Asylum. She and her clever boys have made themselves extremely popular with all visitors, and the sandwiches are ever so good.

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The Junior Hollywood Association held its first meeting for the season on last Friday at noon, in the Y. M. C. A., parlors.

* * *

Miss Maud Atkinson has returned from Louisa.

* * *

Miss Mary Hutchinson entertained a number of small people at her home on last Tuesday evening, and was a charming little hostess. Games, and dancing, and then ice cream, cake and fruit, were all on the program and all present had a very good time indeed.

* * *

Miss Ethel Manson was ten years old on last Thursday, and on the evening of that day her parents gave her a birthday party. There were ten present, counting Ethel, and in honor of the day, everything went by tens. The big birthday cake was surrounded by ten small candles, and a remarkably good cake it was. All manner of good things were on the beautifully appointed table, and those who enjoyed them were: Misses Mary T. Mason, Rosa Worsham, Hallie Johnson, Emma Poindexter; Masters Jno. Waddell, Frank Hughes, Tom Baker, Charlie Worsham, and John Taylor.